

MIGHTY MARVEL OF AN

See the Chief Secretary's

THE

ADVANCE IN THE WAR CRY WAR

Notes on Another Page.

WAR CRY

GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA

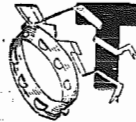
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THE SAVIOUR OF THE MODERN MAGDALENE.

CHRISTMAS

IN THE

Salvation Army's
Social Operations.

THE POL-
ING, and
from
sources,
give our
as an in-
the k
work be-
this Ch-
title by

ders connected with the various
Reform Institutions up and down
land. While we may not be able to
instance to supply our social need
with turkey and plum pudding, we
make this Christmas as happy as
as we can for all those benighted
roofs, not only by supplying warm
food, but by persuading those who
perishing to be reconciled to God
accepting as their Saviour the Christ
Bethlehem and Calvary.

—10—

"Escape for Your Life!"

By CAPT. B. HEASLIP, Winnipeg

Yes, that is what I thought as I
the last door-step of one of the war-
houses. The evening had set in and the
lights in the city were shining beautifully.
It reminded me of the City of Refuge,
and just yonder is a Home of Refuge,
where so many of our dear sisters have
found not only a Shelter, but a Saviour
in the Salvation Army Rescue Home, of
Winnipeg. Praise God!

—10—

Number one escaped from Sodom some
two years ago, and while in our Home
proved Jesus to be a wonderful Saviour.

Number two, for over two years, also
has proved that Jesus not only saves,
but can keep.

Number three finds it her meat and
drink to do her Master's will the last
year. Praise God! And there are many
more I could mention. Yes, there is still
a Sodom, even in the outskirts of the
City of Winnipeg, where so many young
lives are blighted, and in telling those
dark girls what God has done for
of their companions, their eyes brightened
with hope, and as we look at them and
talk to them, we take Abraham's place,
(not pleading for the sake of the right-
eous, for there is not one righteous in
this City of Sodom,) but in the dear
name of Jesus.

—10—

Our LOCAL OFFICERS.

The Salvation Army Industrial
Colony.

By ENSIGN DODD.

Charles Eden was born in England in
the year 1828. He was apprenticed to
blacksmithing at the age of 14. At 21 he
came to Canada and worked at his trade
in New Hope, near Galt. From there to

—10—

Boon

THE PRICE REI

By COLONEL JA

In every department of the war, 1836
been marked with advance, and in not
ing more so than in respect to the W.
Cry. One of the greatest facts that
ever been placed upon record in the
history of the Salvation Army
the fact that during the pa-
year the circulation of
War Cry has more than
doubled. Th
paper has certainly made its mark and
fought its way to greater usefulness in
the Salvation War. Should we not be thank-
ful? Yes, we are thankful, thankful for
deed, but not satisfied. The spirit of
true soldier of Jesus Christ is never sat-
isfied with past accomplishments, on
to give God the glory for them, tak
courage and go forward. Here we tak
our stand on the threshold of '97. Sh

—10—

Woe Portie

ENSIGN JESSIE McDONALD, Hal-
fax Rescue Home.

"The wind whistled around the old farm
house one December night, when little
Portie was born. She was not welcomed,
poor mite. Such children as she was ar-
sion welcomed. She had a bad
mother and worse father, but little Portie
lived and grew as other children do.

"The mother soon became tired of the
quiet country home and went off to one
of our large cities, there to continue the
life of sin and shame she had begun.
Portie soon learned to run around and
like her own baby talk, but the old wo-
man who had the care of her knew little
or nothing about these boys, and how
could she tell the child? She never heard
the name of Jesus in prayer—never
heard of Him.

—10—

NOTHING is more valuable in our
service, whether directly social or only
spiritual, than face to face work. "Per-
sonal dealing," as it is familiarly called
in the Army. The following is a thrill-
ing incident of the value of
personal dealing:

—10—

A Pearl in the Mud Brought to
Light.

A Midnight Visitation Incident.

It was midnight in an American city.
The street which had been so full of
business life only a few short hours be-
fore has closed its doors of marketing,
blackies, all is quiet and still.

Then again, in the distance, we see
brightly lighted houses. We are visiting
and telling them of the new life in Jesus
Christ, which makes sinful hearts clean,
fouls minds pure, wicked motives good,
blighted hopes inspired, and wicked lives
beautiful.

We entered one vile house, and sought
to help some dark, cheerless soul there.
Above the creaking and faint language we
were enabled to make one poor woman lis-
ten to our story.

She was a woman of some thirty years

—10—

TO TORONTO "LIFEBOAT" STAFF.

When five years old her mother return-
ed to the old farm house and took the
child away with her to the city—took
the poor little innocent, almost a babe,
into one of the worst "dens" in the city—
one of such places as must make the
angels weep, when they see the ones for
whom Jesus died living in sin of the
deepest dye, drinking and carousing day
and night.

It was, then, into one of these places
that little Portie was taken, by whom I
we feel we can scarcely write the second
word "mother," but, nevertheless, her
mother took her there.

Poor little one, her life had been lonely
before, but it was worse now, for she was
hunted and abused, so that she was al-
most afraid to move.

But Jesus, who was once Himself a
little child, took compassion on her.

—10—

One bleak November morning, a Res-
cue Officer is making her way to the
"den" before spoken of. On arriving, the
"keeper" in no friendly terms, demands
what she wants there?

"Come for a child who is here," was
the answer given.

After much abuse, and vile language,
and the aid of a friendly policeman, Portie
is pushed out on the street without
coat or hat.

—10—

Never, never shall that Rescue Officer
forget as she walked up the street, her
thankfulness to God for enabling her
to rescue the innocent child from the
jaws of Hell—she felt she could compare
it to nothing else.

After Portie was taken to the "Home,"
she realized for the first time in her life
something of what it was to love and be
loved.

She was such a grateful little thing, "I
don't you," she would say to the Ma-
trons, but we wanted her most of all to
love Jesus and thank Him for everything
she had and so a few happy months went
by, until, one bright summer morning we
saw her good-bye at the railway station.
She is going away to the country again,
but to a far different home to the other.
She is adopted into the home of one of
our Officers, where she is surrounded by
all that love can do to make her life
happy.

And here we leave her, praying that
she may never know the "ways of sin"
and that she may be a blessing, not only
to her father and mother, but to many
others.

—10—

Good and Cheap Food for the Unfortunate
Poor The Bedroom an Amusing Sight
—What is no Doubt the Cause of
Many a Crime.

Sir,—After having walked 4,000 miles
from "coast to coast," and then about
1,500 more round New Scotland, I did not
think that I would come to have to seek
shelter in the Refuge. However, the
Rev. Mr. Hague, of St. Paul's, evidently
discovered me among the "homeless" who
parade the city, and very kindly made
me a present of a short note to the cap-
tain, bearing the magic words, "Two
beds, three meals." To this wonderful note
on Hollis street. The room downstairs, which
answers the purpose of office, dining-
room and sitting-room, is large and com-
fortable enough. Several tables are placed
along the walls, and in the centre, and
three times a day they groan beneath
the weight of luxuries, such as are offered
on the M.I. of fare, which varied as
follows:

—10—

Sup and bread 2s.
Sup 2s.
Bread and butter 3s.

—10—

THE WOODYARD, in connection with our Toronto Workman's Hotel.



TORONTO "LIFEBOAT" STAFF.

of age—she had a sad countenance, eyes
that once gazed into those of a fond
mother, as that mother was crossing the
cold river of death, and said, "Yes, moth-
er, I'll meet you there." Those eyes were
blurred now by drink, the face is flushed,
and instead of the innocent child of years
ago, we see a wicked, sinful woman. Oh,
how we loathed the sin, but not the sin-
ner. These beautiful words came to our
lips:

"No matter how far from the path she
has strayed,
No matter what inroads dishonor hath
made,
No matter how deep in sin lies the pearl,
Though tarnished and wicked, she is
some mother's girl."

We talked to that woman of the love
of Christ toward fallen humanity, of His
forgiving spirit for the long years of sin,
of the angel nether in Heaven, who that
night gazed from the portals of glory
down into the child's heart, so vile,
and down on that wasted life. Would a
ray of light ever stream into that dark-
ened life? Would the doll brain, which
is dead to the child's heart, so vile,
comprehend the message we sought to bring?
We see the bowed head; we hear the
sobs of repentance, and the prayer, "Oh,
be merciful to me, a fallen woman." We
see the face change its expression; we
notice hope is being inspired within her
heart, and after a desperate struggle we
see a calm and joyous smile on her face,
and hear her say, "Thank God, I'm not
too late; I'm sure mother is happy
now!"

We take her by the arm and lead her
to a respectable place.—Captain Mattie
Blackledge.

"Motherless, fatherless, sadly I roam,
A child or misthroun, driven from
home."

are the words an old ballad-writer puts
into the mouth of a homeless child.
Homelessness is a sad state for any one
to experience, and in the cold winter of
our country it is absolutely necessary
to find some sort of shelter to avoid
freezing to death. Stretching from Vic-
toria, B. C., to Halifax, N. S., the Army
has dotted here and there cheap refuges
for men. The following account, copied
from a Halifax paper, gives an interest-
ing idea of an Army Shelter, except that
attached to many of them is a "liver
yard" where workless men can in ex-
change for their labor, obtain the where-
withal to purchase the food and lodging
they need.

IN THE SALVATION ARMY REFUGE.

Good and Cheap Food for the Unfortunate
Poor The Bedroom an Amusing Sight
—What is no Doubt the Cause of
Many a Crime.

Sir,—After having walked 4,000 miles
from "coast to coast," and then about
1,500 more round New Scotland, I did not
think that I would come to have to seek
shelter in the Refuge. However, the
Rev. Mr. Hague, of St. Paul's, evidently
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on the M.I. of fare, which varied as
follows:

Sup and bread 2s.
Sup 2s.
Bread and butter 3s.



THE WOODYARD, in connection with our Toronto Workman's Hotel.

Pie or pudding 2c.
 Beans 3c.
 Fish and potatoes 5c.
 Ham and eggs 10c.
 Tea, coffee or milk 2c.
 Beefsteak, potatoes 10c.
 Liver and bacon 10c.
 Hash or stew 5c.

Thus it will be seen that the guests at this hotel can regale themselves with choice and cheap articles of diet. I must add a word of praise to the cook, who certainly serves up these various dishes in a first-class manner.

The Upside Room

contains about fifty bunks, which are supplied with a woven wire mattress, on the top of which is laid another mattress, pillow, a pair of sheets and several quilts. It is an extraordinary sight to enter this common bed-chamber between the hours of 10 and 12 p. m. From its remote corners come the most dismal sounds and groans, accompanied by muffled sobs and a penny whistle down to the low mutterings of the deep trombone. Here a poor fellow who has over-eaten himself is racked with nightmare, and visions of three or four hundred-weight of baked beans careering wildly over his inanimate body, fill his troubled brain and cause him to cry out in terror. Then an unlucky "hobo," who has imbibed too much "fire water" lays moaning and restless, turning about on his narrow couch, muttering incoherent threats about circumstances that have occurred during the day. A few old hands are quietly reclining with their eyes half closed and talking everything in, as if they enjoyed the free show immensely.

One or Two Late Comers

are disrobing and scattering their odds and ends of wearing apparel on the floor or under their bunk, and perhaps stowing their more valuable possessions away under the pillow. Sing and chaff of various descriptions fly around the room until at length, when the captain lowers the light at midnight, a comparative feeling of rest comes over the apartment and sleep overcomes them all.

It may be here remarked that the charge for a "bunk" is 10 cents per night. There is also a smaller room with a few iron bedsteads at 25 cents, which are left to those who desire a little more privacy. At 7 a. m., the bell is rung and the good soldiers make the round of the room, rinking the bell in-trilly in the ears of the still tired and sleepy mass of humanity and compel them to get up, make their beds and dress.

It is sad to think that many of these poor fellows go out into the cold air of morning without a bite to eat or even a cup of hot coffee to cheer them up. What wonder, then, if they meet some luckier chum and gladly accept of the invitation to take a glass. This is the beginning of the day and many a crime is no doubt committed because the poor fellow had eaten no breakfast and had swallowed an early dose of brain poison. All praise is due to the self-denying officers of this institution; but they cannot do impossibilities, and as far as they have gone they have done good work in opening the Kefuge for the poor and needy of Halifax.

BERESFORD GREETHHEAD.

Major Howell has returned from his sojourn in the East.

Caps in air for Ensign Bale, the latest addition to the Staff.

A tremendous banquet is to be held at the Temple on New Year's Day.

The FAMINE FIEND of INDIA.

Graphic Account of Starvation-Land from Despatches by Our Indian War Correspondent.

WOMEN DYING DAILY—BOYS AND GIRLS WALK FOR

THE GENERAL'S SON



The black pall of a great general famine hangs heavy and low over the ancient land of India.

We can hardly imagine these horrors, but in India their effects are terrible and unreckonable. In the Crissa Famine of 1895, for instance, 1,500,000 people died, according to official returns. And in the 1877 famine, with improved organization, and though £700,000 was raised for relief, the loss of life was enormous.

The simple cause of an Indian famine is the failure, or shortness, of rain, upon which the crops so largely depend. India is an agricultural country.

Overcrowded India.

The density of this rural population is hardly creditable to people in this country. According to an official report, "any density of a large country approaching two hundred per square mile implies mines, manufactures, or the industries of cities." But in India three times this

wells, they depend almost altogether upon the rainfall. That failing, the wells dry up, and famine! The canal-water leaseholders, on the other hand, are exempt for their crops, with their unfailing supply of water, will grow, rain or no rain. Thus, then, is the slowly-rising spectre of that already coldly haunts the vision of millions of people in India—FAMINE! It is getting taller, bigger, more distinct every day, and it is soon to be more other than the grim, merciless skeleton of Death, hovering over its victims, ready to strike—nay, striking already!

Famine Facts.

Train riots, the usual forerunners of famine, have broken out all over the country.



Saving the Children.

The Governor of Bombay, on his way up the mountains to his official hill-residence, was stopped by a number of villagers, who pathetically pleaded to be saved from starvation.

Deaths from starvation are occurring everywhere. In a certain part of the Central Provinces the crops have failed for the fourth year in succession, and a correspondent of a Bombay paper says:

"We are surrounded by villages. I know nine in which there is no food and no seed grain. The people in the other villages have only a very small quantity of seed grain. People are actually dying of starvation. Quite a number who came into our little station, begging food, died on our roads. Some of these died during the night, and when their bodies were found the jackals had mutilated them. Women are walking about, begging, almost nude, and with their bones protruding through the skin."

Living Children-Skeletons.

And the children, too, are suffering fearfully. One child was "found lying on the dead body of his mother under a van in the railway-yard; a few days later another was found in the same place by the side of his dying mother. These women died from starvation."

Where Starvation Land is.

There are at present three chief areas in India where famine threatens. The Central Provinces (area, 86,501 square miles; population, 10,784,294); the Punjab (area, 110,667 square miles; population, 20,888,847); the North-West Provinces (area, 107,503 square miles; population, 46,905,085). Other parts of the country (Bombay, Madras, and Burma especially) are more or less in danger, but these three provinces, having a population of nearly eighty millions, will suffer severely.



Scene in an Indian Famine-Stricken Village.

In these Provinces, the fields, the hope and stay of the peasants, entirely surround each village, ranking it an island of houses in a sea of soil, and continue end on end for hundreds of miles, broken only by pretty topes, or groves of mango trees, or the waters of some of the many tributaries of the Ganges.

Indian Wells.

A prominent and permanent feature of this landscape is the well of the field, for irrigation. These primitive affairs, with the tanks, lakes and other private works, irrigate eight million acres of crops in these provinces. There are, of course, large areas watered from the artificial canals built by the Government, of which, in all India, there are fourteen thousand miles, supplying twenty million acres—two million acres in the North-West Province alone. But in parts of the provinces the landholders think that well-water is warmer and more fertilizing.

These surface-wells, besides, are very cheaply made, costing next to nothing; but canal water has to be taken on lease and paid for. So the wells are still largely in use, which accounts for much of the present famine—for, being only surface-

An eye-witness on the spot writes:—"I have often thought my own life was gradually going out with the cure and anxiety over these sick and dying and homeless children. They come with bones thrust through their skin, with eyes turned inside out; with dysentery, cholera and with everything. Children five and six years old were brought in baskets, because they could not walk. Men, women and children came with mouths and cheeks swollen, till they looked like horrible monsters, and with blood streaming from their mouths to the ground. Beggers leapt of the roads and revolvedly ate the raw flour as they ran. Beggers go into a house and will not go out.



The Spout that Broods over India.

Relief.

The General's Proposals.

OUT LOCAL OFFICERS

A Startling Sensation.

Two Open Doors

(See Front Page Picture.)

By MRS. MAJOR READ.

The doors of the City Hospital closed heavily upon the poor, distressed young creature. How the wind whirled through the autumn leaves! Its searching breath

A 16 PAGE WAR CRY.

(See Front Page Picture.)

By MRS. MAJOR READ

We excuse not the SIN; we see
help the Injured and save the Inno

First Week in February. . .

Boomers Will Have a Picnic.

THE PRICE REMAINS THE SAME.

By COLONEL JACOBS, Chief Secretary

We are most happy to be able to make the announcement that a still further advance has been decided upon. After

The spirit of it will be aggression and advance, showing the way of salvation and the onward march of the Salvator Army. With the increased size, there will, of course, be an increased circulation. Every Corps should at once prepare for the great battle. Let it be the ambition of every Officer and Soldier to see that the sale of the Cry in their Corps goes up. Let a War Cry Correspondent be appointed at once, who will fully report the facts of the war week by week as they transpire at each Corps. If there be such a perfecting of our system of War Cry selling as will make it possible for any one to escape being asked to buy a War Cry.

Further particulars later on

Oh, the mischief done by some of God's professed children, by this spirit of enmity and hatred. "If we love not our brother whom we have seen, how can we love God whom we have not seen?"

SERGEANT-MAJOR CLARK, of Charlotte town, talks on

"Where Does the Trouble Lie?"

There have been people come to our meetings through something that was said or done. The Spirit of God has taken hold of them; they have yielded, and have been pardoned. Oh, how humble they were! They would do anything for God and souls; they would be out time for the march, and they marched for Jesus. They would weep if people did not get saved in the meetings. You've seen them get sanctified, and you couldn't help but feel they had the blessing. They could shout and give vent to their feelings; there was no hollow sour-

But something happened in their experience—they are different to-day. My opinion is that they have neglected prayer; they did not go into their closets and shut the door, and pray to their Father in secret. They soon saw things in a different light; something has been going wrong; they see everybody else wrong, and don't use their right; the Officers don't do their duty; they have not dealt never with God. They used

dress for Jesus, but they don't do it now. They don't pray in the prayer meeting and they seldom come in time for the march now; still, they sit on the platform and say they love Jesus with their heart. Poor Jesus! There is something wrong.

Comrades, don't forget your first love! Do you remember how you longed to go to meetings, and how you were very busy with the work of the church? You were filled with the glory of God, and prayer meetings, especially on Sunday nights? Do you love the way you used to sing and hear the Word? Are you or have you become wrong? Are you or has the class I've been speaking about become wrong? If so, I pray that God will take hold of you and help you seek again for the love and the joy of the church. Do you love and are you satisfied till you have made your vows. You called on people to witness to Christ, and you were true to your Salvation Army vows. And now, when you confess, confess your wrongs, tell Jesus you want to be right, and you will be right. You will confess to what you have done wrong, and you will confess to what you will do right. Your souls, your souls will be saved, and God will glorify you.

IF CHRISTMAS marks more detestable weakness, failure in living so sinfully, than was our experience at the same period last year, we are nearer hell than Heaven.

Christ rose from the dead and ascended to Heaven. If we do not in this life out of sinful thought, word and deed there is no Heaven for us.

SECRETARY CASBIN, Halifax I.
OR
The New Commandment.

THIS is a very close test of real Christianity. This is a precept not only for people who profess holiness of heart, but for every follower of Jesus, and we may be sure there is a lack of genuine religion if we are unable to keep this commandment, and that there is need of a further work of purity and power.

We are not commanded to love the ways of sinners, but we are to love the soul, and bodies, and manifest the spirit of Jesus towards them. Praise God for receiving the fulness of His Spirit who may be fitted unto every good work.

THE
LIGHT
BRIGADE
IS
ON THE

Xmas
Greetings
to ALL
Concerned!

THE COMMISSIONER

ST. JOHN, N. B.

INSTALLATION OF MAJOR PUGMIRE.

The New P. O.

Twenty-Two Ponitonts — Mechanics' Institute Gorgod.

[BY TELEGRAPH]

Visit of Miss Beeth to St. John, N.B. Conducted three wonderful meetings. "Mechanics" Institute filled in the afternoon and fairly gorged at night. City Staff stirred. Commissioner with wonderful force and power dealt out eternal truths to the vast congregation. Twenty-two penitents. One hundred and sixteen dollars. Now F. O. Major and Mrs. Pugmire, installed and welcomed with open arms. Make this well known.

STAFF-CAPT. GAGE.

WAR CRY

Starving India.

On another page we give a brief account of the Indian Famine area. The rain, which in some districts has fallen, is too late for the autumn crops, and the need is desperate in its urgency. The General's plan of help includes the supply of cheap grain, establishment of Industrial Schools for the children and orphans, loans of money for well-building, and co-operation with the Government officials wherever possible. In his printed appeal on behalf of India, the General says :

"Should the famine reach the severity anticipated, the people will, of necessity, very soon be without the means to purchase grain, however cheaply it may be offered. They must, therefore, either be starved, or, if the Government will, those who have lived in the country, and fought their way through former years of famine, that the famine-stricken can be kept alive through the season of dislocation. The Government has a store of food, at the increased price of grain, will cost about two-pence per week. English money. At this rate, twenty thousand men, women, and children can be maintained for six months at a cost of £100,000. The Government's store of grain may be a little less than this amount. If, during the early weeks of the distress, this grain is sold at, say, half-price, the numbers who can be helped

Anyway, something must be done, and done quickly. I have already given instructions for the construction of large public works and for the construction of a thousand more such, each to three or four hundred men, and more must be given. The Government must be able to be required to keep our own South-Indian families and their dependents alive. The success of the Self-Defence effort just closed enables me to devote at once £100,000 towards this object. I must look to the Government for the balance, and for the friends of the Salvationists in India, for the amount. To do a good thing promptly greatly increases its value. Will our friends consider the matter and reply?"

Four cents for one man's life for one week ! Who is there cannot spare four cents ?




Married at Oldham, Eng.

Colonel Badle, of the Manchester Province, (late Chief Secretary of the United States) has been married to Staff-Captain Keith, of Oldham, England. It was one of the most remarkable wedding demonstrations ever held in the Army, and was conducted by Commissioner Coombs. Fifty-five sauts each at the regimental form.

A CHRISTMAS LET

From the



 'H the bells of Christmas time ringing all around me, suggesting so many subjects upon which I might and would like to have written to the followers of the Bethlehem Christ, yet I cannot help but give way to a stronger yearning, which I find in my heart to-night, to send a few words to that class of people whom I consider to be the most miserable, the most deserving, the most forsaken of all classes, and for whom my heart holds the deepest pity—the drunkard!

I fancy I can see you this Christmas-
 tide, while the bells are summoning
 all to join in triumphant song and shout
 the praises of God; while hundreds of
 fathers and mothers, with well-dressed
 happy children, are hurrying to the various
 places of worship; while the peal of
 merry laughter rings from many a ju-
 venile group en gong over the contents
 of their respective stockings; while the
 dinner-bell, or the call, "Father, It is
 ready!" gathers many a humble house-
 hold round the table of a specially-pre-
 pared meal; I fancy I can see you, your
 home, your children, your torn jacket,
 your empty pocket, your frowncd brow,
 your dark past, your deep despair! And
 your heart is so aching you can scarcely
 hear it, it is so thronged with memories
 that you must rush back and on, and then
 round and round the present, until you
 are almost frenzied by the whirl of me-
 mories and regrets.

No one has put a card in your letter-box, no one has given, or wished they could give, you a little present, no one has even remembered your little girl. She could not hang out her stocking, there was

No Crib to Hang it to.

there was no one to fill it, besides, there was no stocking to hang. her mother had to take them for bread long ago, and she is only three years old, but a baby. You can't remember when you were three, perhaps you wish you could, but you know a mother's love and father's care were round you then.

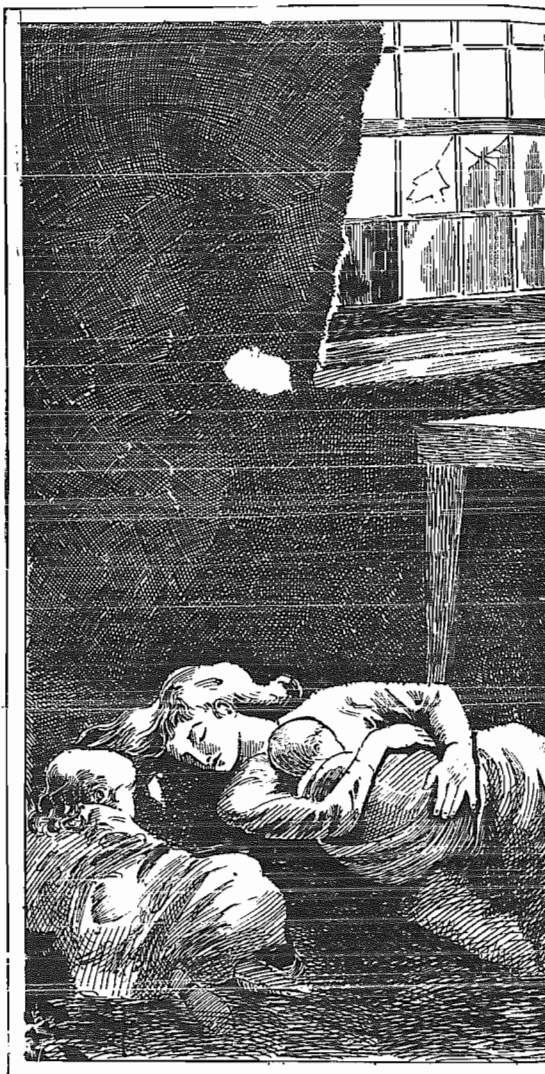
You cannot bear to look at her sleeping on the floor, the rag that of rag with the piece of string tied to the corner with which she has made a Christmas doll. The rag, the string, the pinched features, and the matted hair all have voices, and call out truths you cannot bear to hear. How different things were long ago! What she was to you once! It was somewhere near Christmas when God sent her first to bless you, and formed the link between your soul and the world. That night you thanked Him for the treasure; now you almost wish to see her die.

Then there is the breast she nestles on, the woman you loved and promised to cherish. Reporting angles have been filled with horror at the scenes they have witnessed since you spoke your marriage vows. What a story they will have to tell of her in the Morning! The story of tears, the story of cruel neglect, the story of terror and dread, the story of money snatched for beer, earned by her needle and thread; the story of furniture under the salesman's hand, the clock—her mother's wedding present—given with

A Kiss that Morning.

and the cloak you gave her that day to wear; the story of the curse and bow, and a heart crushed with inexorable woe. Oh, what a story! They say there are no tears in Heaven, but I think I hear hovering angels sobbing while I write about you, and if in your heart there is yet any feeling left, then your thoughts must be as a scalding liquid in your brain.

in your mind, I see you as one of the crowd numbering thousands; nay, tens of thousands; In the streets, crowding broad thoroughfares, swinging in and out of lighted gh-palaces, staggering out on narrow courts and by rickety stairs, filling the air with dust, I see sitting round the tables, crowding into the theatre, and streaming out of places too vile and base to mention I see you! There is an unsteadiness in your step, reminding one of the uncertainty of a reed, reminding one a glassiness in your eye, pointing to the flames of hell, the flames of hell, flames, telling of the fire of Hell that eternally burns in your breast, a blackened



READING :

ness about your features, a mark of that subtle chain, long, dark and cruel, which has fastened itself around you, one end in the bottomless pit and the other round

"Satan has resolved to have you,
For his lawful prey ;
Jesus Christ has died to save you,
Haste, oh, haste away."

There are the young among you, the strong, the talented, some of earth's finest intellects, but wrecked. Youth's flower, with its many kingly powers, nipped; the morning of your life clouded. You began by only taking a little, but the thirst in your veins, nursed and yielded to, has formed a wave to carry you on to the wild, to the ruin, to the destruction of the self—the demon monster is there. It may be beneath the glitter of golden sovereigns, or hang of silken curtains, or fume of nob's name, but there; and its tightening grasp upon character, nature, prospects and home-

There are mothers among you—fired mothers, wicked mothers—who, every day learn freshly that the way of transgression is hard. They try not to think. They dare not look back on their girlhood's home. Their hearts are torn, their clothes are torn, their spirits are torn, and in their sober moments they wish they had

never been born, and all through the drink, the drink, the drink !

Then, the saddest of all facts, enough
to drive down Heaven's streets

Streams of Angels' Tears

and if bitter tears ever fell in Heaven, then the bitterest ever shed, I see children—hundreds of little children—before they left the cot, blighted, and now, with distorted consciences, they do wrong for right. Ten years old, eight, six, five, three, and the child-mother soothes the infant she has been left to guard by wetting its lips with the death-drag.

[illegible]

to the DRUNKARD. GAZETTE.

Commissioner.



LETTER.

tread upon but the sinking ground of neglected chances,

Forsaken Grace,

and wretched wretches: nothing above you but the thunderbolts of a reject'd God's wrath: nothing before you but the darkness and woe of a lost soul.

Trump! Trump! It is ringing in my ears, the heavy marching of the death procession, and keeping time with their tread it seems the words thunder out:

"The gambler was there, and the drunkard,

And the men who had sold him the drink,
With the people who gave him the license,
Together in hell did they sink."

And so tens and tens of thousands of drunkards stagger out of time into eternity.

I wish I could speak to you—to you all—to you each, I wish I could kneel by your side; perhaps in my meetings I have done, and you have said it is no good now; you are

In the Whirlpool.

If you had only started last Christmas!
If you had only started when baby died!

If you had only cried for mercy that night an old companion leapt from the depths of sin to Jesus, out of sorrow into song, out of darkness into light! If you had only gone with him to the penitentiary! He asked you to do so, but you said, "No!" and now it is too late. Born of the drink there have been other sins of a dark, dark character, which have fastened themselves upon you, and of which you dare not think, but you must think. The man is a fool who avoids thinking on the verge of a precipice because it is painful. There is Death's river, it will overtake you! Life's last river—it must be crossed! The last day will come, the last hour, the last moment, the last second; and somebody will look at you, and you won't see them; will touch you, but you won't feel them; will call your name, but you won't hear them; and they will say,

"He's Gone! He's Gone!"

Oh, drunkard, drunkard—now drunkard!—forsaken, forgotten, forgotten, and cast out! Don't despair! Get down on your knees, bury your face in your hands, and cry aloud to God! Do not feel you have no one by to help you, angels hover near. The garret may be bare and empty, but Mercy's arms are there. The shade deep that stuns, the chills strong that bind, but Calvary's Christ, Calvary's

Power the strongest calls unfail. His blood can cleanse you, His Salvation reach you. Listen to the thousands in our ranks this Christmas Morning, shouting, "He has done it for us!" Give us your hand and we will help you. Leave your old companions, they have only dragged you down, we will be your friends and help you struggle against your temptations, will help you pass the midnight hour, will help you on and up to the New Jerusalem. Oh, call to Him! Pour out your heart! It is the penitent's prayer that penetrates the gloom of dark despair. Renounce the cursed thing! Never touch it, never look at it, never let your mind dwell upon it! In the place of the filthy gin-shop and

The Dance of the Tap-Room,

there will be the music and shining floors of the Salvation Band. Instead of the dirty home, a clean one. Instead of a miserable wife, a happy one. Instead of starving, crying children, well-fed and merry ones. Oh! what a Christmas Morning if you gave God your heart! What a birthday of new hopes, new joys new songs, the richness and beauty which will be with you while you rich and struggle and suffer and conquer on earth; with you in Death's shadowy valley, when the deep waters run deep, and the shadows fall; and with you when the trumpet calls and the Parly Gates fling back to let you welcome, and your darling's come before you to meet you, and you enter into the presence of your Lord, to sing the Song of the Redeemed for ever and forever.

—20—

For the drunkard—dark despairing,
For the empty, wretched despairing,
When his hands the angels were tearing,
For such sins He did atone.
Oh, forgive, forgive them Father!
Out of anguish He did cry,
And for our sake most wretched sinner
Made a blood-path to the sky.

He doth soothe the widow's sorrow,
He doth wipe the orphan's tear;
Grace He gives for each to-morrow,
In His love there's naught to fear:
Sinners bearing life-long burdens,
Hearts oppressed with heaviest woe,
In His blood have found free pardon,
Richest virtue proved and known.

For the broken heart there's healing,
For the bleeding spirit balm,
For the hearts which have harmed
Others.

And for those whom others harm,
Heaven's gentlest bells are ringing,
When a sinner seeks the blood,
Heaven's fairest angels singing,
Victory through the Son of God.

G. C. B.

LATEST NEWS.

The Indian Famine.

RAIN HAS COME TOO LATE FOR MANY DISTRICTS.

Help Needed at Once.

The terrible urgency of The Govt.'s appeal is sadly sustained by the latest news from the Viceroy of India. His Excellency cables as follows:

"No rain has fallen in distressed areas since telegram of November 20th. The rain has come too late to do much good to autumn crops, but in time for late sowings; where over one inch will permit ploughing; where half-inch or sowing in land already ploughed; in a cases will greatly benefit seed already sown."

But the appalling fact remains that for four months tens of thousands of peasants will live or rather exist, on starvation fare, enduring and suffering the horrors which are here described on another page, unless substantial help, wisely distributed, reaches the people. We need not repeat the reasons which The Govt. presented in "The War Cry" readers last week. The time for action—loving, prompt, and generous—has arrived.

Contributions towards our scheme of relief, marked "Indian Famine Fund," should be addressed to EVANGELINE HOOTH, ALBERT STREET, TORONTO, in whose name all cheques and P. O. S. should be made out. The smallest gifts will be gladly received, and the money will be remitted to India week by week.

Adjutant Ayre, of the Pacific Province, opens fire on the old town of Wilson, B. C., in the mountains.

PROMOTIONS

CAPTAIN BAILE, Cavalier, Toronto Headquarters, to be Ensign.

CADET HIGGINS, Winnipeg Soldier, to be Lieutenant.

CADET PRASER, Winnipeg Soldier, to be Lieutenant.

CADET LIDDLE, Kingston, to be Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS

ADJUTANT ANDREWS, London.



Though King of Glory, Son of God,
Life's path for us the Saviour trod,
And shed His precious blood,
To ransom the lost.

Our highest and best of praises Thou art worthy,

Lord, to receive, we do believe,

Now and evermore:

Let Heaven and earth to-day rejoice,

O'er Jesus' birth, our Hope and Choice,

Praise Him with heart and voice,

Whose Name we adore!

... house for Rescue Home in Montreal, the present one being crowded.

MAJOR HOWELL



Returns from the East.

Has had a Booming Time—Revelations to Follow.

"The East" is a place with a great reputation. It might have been the site of the original Paradise, judging from the terms of endearment with which many of its old citizens refer to it.

The latest arrival from the East is Major Howell, who has returned from his seven weeks' Campaign there, full of good words for the East—its people, its Soldiers, its officers, and with a triumphant twinkle in his eyes which speaks well for the accomplishments of the past seven weeks.

"I went down for the Self-Defence," said the Major, in an interview with the Editor, "and I made up my mind that so far as I was concerned, it was personal effort that was going to tell on the totals. I divided the Province, the Chancery taking one end and I the other. I was following nearly every night of the seven weeks. Between us we visited almost every Corps. Of the loyalty and whole-hearted effort put into the Campaign by both Officers and Soldiers, I cannot speak too highly."

Then followed facts and figures concerning the Easterners' unparalleled success, but that's a secret to be kept, for all the other great Self-Defence secrets, quiet till the Changing-View War Cry is published. Only we will say that the mighty victory which was gained while Major Howell led the fight will make everybody rub their eyes and look again to see if they read correctly.

Mrs. Howell, in her husband's absence, like a true warrior, did not sit down to weep, but has been leading the attack at Lindsay, Ont.

ECLIPSED ALL RECORDS.

Ensign Seibel recently led the CLINTON warriors to battle. Crowds were most enthusiastic. Open-air demonstration unique. Numbers inside the barracks broke all past records. Finances, ditto.



A 75 Years Old Saved from Suicide by Reading the War Cry at Halifax, N.S.—Free from Jail and Free from Sin—Addition to the Industrial Colony—All the Colonists Saved but One.

Ensign Ross is also doing well at Montreal. In fact, he has had a very successful run there. The debt is departing rapidly, souls are getting saved, and last, but not the least important business in the point is the presentation of a son to the indefatigable Ensign by his wife; both mother and son are doing well. God bless the new father and mother! God bless the new son!—And so we advance.

We had a meeting at the Toronto Lifeboat with the men there, assisted by several of Headquarters' boys. Three of the new converts gave glowing testimonies. One dear fellow said that this had been the happiest week of his life; another said: "I prove that it is good, not only to be free from guilt, but also free from sin."

This institution is run by Captain Fletcher, assisted by Captain Cummings, and things are on the rise.

The Field Commissioner is very desirous to do all as possible can for the poor and homeless. The more desperate the case, the greater her love for them. With this object in view she is negotiating for renting the next Farm to our present Industrial Colony, comprising 100 acres, and that we shall then be in a better position to help than we have hitherto been.

At the present moment every man on the Farm, with the exception of one, is contented. This is a great deal for the efficiency of the work done. Not only are the men socially bettered, but they are enabled to face the world again with a new experience, when they leave us.

Owing to the breaking down of a bridge the Victoria Woodyard, in connection with the Shelter, is very nearly at a standstill for the want of wood. This is very disastrous, as it prevents us giving work, and prevents men from securing temporary employment in our woodyard. How to overcome the difficulties is a problem, but Ensign Patterson is not the man to stick at trifles.

Major Bennett at Winnipeg, takes great interest in the Social operations, and under his wise direction things are always on the up-grade. Indeed, this can also be said of the London Shelter, under the direction of Captain Collier, superintended by the energetic Provincial Officer, Brigadier Margotta.

Major Bennett is getting a move on with the Junior Soldier work in his province. Every Corps is now holding meetings.

Staff-Captain Hargreaves says that the Band of Love is to be commenced at Peterborough and Campbellford in East Ontario. Good for them! Major Sharp is a hustler!

PACKED OUT.

PEARCEPOTON—Just had a visit from the String Band. Although the roads were in a very bad condition, the people came in crowds to hear them. The schoolhouse was packed to the door, and everybody was delighted, and some said they would pay twenty-five cents to go and hear them the next night. All join with me in saying, "Come again."

After hard work, and with the help of God, we have reached our target. Praise be to the Lord. During the week, three souls came to Jesus, and one of them took a card and collected for Self-Denial. We are pressing on to victory.

A. E. Norman, Captain.

[Every scrap of our precious space in the last issue was completely filled, gorged, packed with delightful and interesting Xmas matter. Consequently there was little space left for our routine of any kind. However, we have made up for it this week, and correspondents will doubtless find below their delayed reports or part of it at any rate.—Ed.]

A NEW BARRACKS.

At AHMIC HAILDOR a new building has been opened. The new souls have been saved recently. It is no wonder that Captain Barker reports the Devil as being very much hurt.

DEVIL TO BE BOYCOTTED.

F. J. Martin, of Wallace, Idaho, writes a brilliant little report, full of spice. The Minutels had four souls in their last meeting. Then the Devil must leave the town by orders of the Salvation Army Vigilance Committee. What our Correspondent writes is well worth reproducing. Here it is: "The Devil, the cause of the miserable wages paid by His Satanic Majesty to his servants, all honorable citizens are hereby requested not to patronize these places where they are hearing His Majesty's trademark are to be found." Cadets Mr. and Mrs. Billows are in charge.

An "Looker-On" writes from Peterboro that the Self-Denial fight is nearly over. At the time of writing three comrades were still in the field struggling on till December 10th. An ardent gentleman recently got saved, also a woman. This is all cheering news.

A REAL ENIGMA IN THE CHAIR.

At the time of writing, Annie Kelly, S. C., for Victoria, B. C., says they are in the midst of Self-Denial, a knee-drill at 6 a. m. each morning. A mass meeting to be held in the A. O. U. W. hall, chair to be taken by Sir Henry Cress. Major and Mrs. Parker, of the U. S. A., paid them a visit. Another report says the above meeting was a success. Bishop Crigoe, Rev. Dr. Campbell also spoke approvingly. Two souls saved Sunday night.

LOCKED BY THE DEVIL.

At MILES CITY people's hearts are locked by the devil. Prayers are going up for God to hammer his head. Here are the excuses from the lips of a few of his slaves: (1) "I have no time." (2) "Can't give up the world." (3) "Can't live for God in this country." (4) "The Bible is a novel." (5) People will laugh at me." ONE SOUL since the above was written.

A RAGING DEVIL.

TWO SOULS saved at Knee-drill at KEMP'TVILLE. Soldiers said it was the best day they had ever spent. Their Self-Denial target was hit, and all feel better for the Self-Denial. Is it any wonder that Captain Ward says the Devil is raging?

WRONG SIDE UP.

"Smiles" sends a four-page report from Paris written in a language of mixtures. Now, dear S—, can't you send us some good German plain English? Is it any wonder that the Devil was interviewed, a drunk sat by the leader's side and the Secretary stood with his feet in the air. (Now, brother, what about the souls?—Ed.)

Ensign Dodd and the farmers gave Ligar Street Corps a good lift recently. Ercher McFarland reports two at the Cross. The farmers gave blood and fire to the Gospel. Is it any wonder that meeting at the Y. M. C. A. Hall in the afternoon.

Disfrict Officer Taylor, of Sudbury, has enrolled three recruits at Sault Ste. Marie.

TURKEY OR NO TURKEY.

While out collecting for Self-Denial at SPRING HILL MINES, some reverend gentleman gave the Adjutant a beautiful turkey. Some lads, seeing it outside the window, thought they would play a trick by taking the prize. We mourned our loss very much, thinking some one had stolen it. But the next night, while sitting in the quarters, the parties who had taken it walked in, bringing it with them, causing us gladness. Turkey or no turkey, the war will go on.—Captain Hinds.

TWO PRECIOUS SOULS.

We have had a visit from Major Howell, also Adjutant McGillivray and the Officers from Picton. God has been working. Since last report TWO SOULS have knelt at the Cross and found pardon.—C. Matheson, Captain, Stellarton.

TERRIBLE FROSTS AND SNOW.

Self-Denial at CALGARY, ALTA. has been all the go here lately, but we did not succeed in reaching our target in

one week. We are having a second week and pressing well up. It has been rather a hard pull on account of the very severe weather. More snow given to harbor frosts than Calgary has known for many years, but we'll get there just the same. (Hope you get there.—Ed.)

Mrs. E. Frost.

LED ON BY CHILDREN.

At MONTREAL II. on Sunday afternoon we had a dedication service. Secretary Mrs. Jones, of Oakville, was given to the Lord. One Sister received pardon. Thursday night we had a Juniors' demonstration. The meeting was taken by about 15 children. It was good. Captain Williams and Lieutenant Alguire are the leaders. We are hoisting for a good time with the children.—W. Goodale, R. C.

TWO EX-OFFICERS LEAD.

Since coming to Seaford the Lord has been with us. We had a visit from Ensign Schoell on Thursday night, which was enjoyed. The meeting of the evening, Collections good. The meeting on Sunday night was led by ex-Captains Hoag and Rose. It was good. Some were convicted, but no one would yield. God can work, and we believe He will.

—Lieut. L. Jones for Capt. Secord.

WHO DOES SHE MARRY?

With one of the worst blizzards known in GRIFFIN, SASKATCHEWAN, for many years, came the now famous "Blizzard Band." They were delayed some hours on account of the storm, and only got here in time to finish the meeting Saturday night. Although very cold, a number met together for knee-drill at 7. The prayer was for "Blizzards of blessing," and we were not disappointed. The next day was a day of rain and the Fountain. The music and songs of the Band was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Captain Brerly, who has assisted for some time, farewell! Say hello to our lads will be another's gain. God bless her!—E. Gooding, Captain.

NOT A GOOSEY REPORT.

CAMPBELLFORD.—Praise God for victory! Self-Denial target for 1896, \$53. Amount sent 1896, \$41.26. Amount raised 1896, \$53.26. All returns not yet in, making \$11.26 over target, and about \$35 over last year. To God be all the glory. Soldiers worked with a will and God blessed them. People helped well. Corps united and going in for victory.—The Goose.

CRYING TO GOD.

We had an All-Night-of-Prayer at Neepawa recently; a fine time. The power of God was felt. Two souls for sanctification. Praise God. And had a good cry for mercy as the solemn well. We believe more are coming.

Annie Pearce.

Just finished a victorious week at the famous BOWERY CORPS. Six souls for the week. Still there is more to follow. Hallelujah!—J. McCann, Captain.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

God is helping wonderfully. Six souls have come to Him since our arrival. Hallelujah!—Mrs. Phillips.

CARRIE'S FAREWELL.

I have just come in from my last meeting with my dear Comrades of the New Corps.

On Saturday last we had a Musical Meeting. Sunday afternoon Captain gave an address on the Social Work. Monday night a Gospel Song Service was held. Tuesday, Soldiers' meeting; Thursday, a service of reading and song, entitled "A Daughter of Armenia."

The War Cry has never once put in an appearance but what it has been a blessing to me—Carrie Reeves.

CONVICTION AT MIDNIGHT.

"Come, wake up, don't get sleepy, Shout if you are free! Let the devil know you're living As you ought to be."

This is a favorite chorus at INGER-SOLL. It is not only sung, but practiced. The Devil is doing very badly, and swelling week by week. Monday night, cottage prayer meetings, glorious times, and houses crowded out. Every meeting saw us besting the devil.

Sunday night God came and saved three souls, one being led to decision by his brother, a young convert himself. Even midnight is doing very well, the sinners seeming unable to leave.

What rejoicing, singing, shouting, marching, and no end of dancing went to help fill the bill. M. K. Reg. Cor. W. B. Self-Denial. We have talked in unison, and had noble examples of self-denial among Officers, Soldiers and converts. Total not in, but will be good.—M. K.

HELPS FOR J. WORKERS.

JANUARY 3rd.

BIRTH OF MOSES.

Exodus I, 7-14 and 22; Hebrews xi, 23-27.

The Children of Israel's Prosperity.

At, and after Joseph's death, the children of Israel were very prosperous. They became stronger and greater every day, the land seemed full of them. All the Egyptians saw the wonderful favor which God had bestowed upon them.

Another Pharaoh.

But there arose a new Pharaoh in place of the kind King who had believed so generously to Jacob and his sons, and with him rose a cloud that brought darkness and suffering to the people of God. He knew not Joseph, nor his deeds of wisdom and goodness, neither had he seen the wonderful way in which the whole nation had been preserved from starvation through his instrumentality. All this Pharaoh saw was that in his land there was a new and stronger people, and he was growing up so great a people that he began to get quite fearful of them. He judged them by his own wicked heart (which is a bad basis for judgment) and thought they would some day act as enemies to Egypt.

Ineffective Persecution.

Pharaoh hid his lust to weaken and diminish them accordingly, and hesitated at no cruel measures to attain his end. He ordered the women to be killed, and the hardest of tasks were laid upon them, but it was all to no purpose, "the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew." He used it as a wicked mean to try by persecution to hinder the work of people whom God has raised up. Illustrate the success and growth of the Salvation Army to-day, and what would be the result of such treatment or slander has been able to stamp out what God had planted and sustained, but how all kinds of opposition have served but to serve him and increase our ranks before the faces of the foes of God and man.

The climax of their sufferings was reached when the command went forth that every baby boy was to be slain or cast into the river. Imagine the ill-treatments, the bereavement and the sorrows.

God Intervenes.

About this time, and 64 years after the death of Jacob, a son was born to a Levite named Amram and Joseph's wife. They did their best to hide the child, but when the king found out no longer the mother made a basket and put the little babe in. They put him by himself in the river, but they put him at the same time into the care of their Almighty God, who took care of him as child as the story of Pharaoh's daughter shows. (Tell the story of the finding of Moses). This child was to be the deliverer of God's chosen people.

Faith kept Moses Alive.

It must be made very plain that it was because those parents knew God and believed that he would help them that baby that "they were not afraid of the King's commandment." See Hebrews xi, 23. Faith helped that mother to believe for the future when she could see no hope for her child, who was no longer the mother made a basket and put the little babe in. They put him by himself in the river, but they put him at the same time into the care of their Almighty God, who took care of him as child as the story of Pharaoh's daughter shows. (Tell the story of the finding of Moses). This child was to be the deliverer of God's chosen people.

Questions.

What event turned the prosperity of the children of Israel into adversity?
What was the result of Pharaoh's persecution?

Tell briefly the story of the birth and preservation of Moses.
What power was it that helped Moses' mother to be so brave?

Memory Text.

"Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."





Rejoice and be Glad.

Tune.—Break Forth in Songs of Gladness.
B. J., 116; M. S., IV., 119.

1 Rejoice and be glad, for to the morning now is breaking,
His dreary night, so fraught with woe, to its close draws nigh;
The voices of angels bring the tidings of the Saviour,
"To God be glory," thus they sing, "and peace on earth."

Chorus.

Break forth in songs of gladness! O earth, forget thy sadness,
The Light has come, for Christ is born in Bethlehem!
He is the Lord Immanuel! He comes from save from sin and hell,
He is the Wonderful the Mighty God, He is the Prince of Peace.

The wailing of human hearts ascending up to Heaven;
Is heard, and thence the Lord departs to relieve and bless.
He comes, taking human form, to bear man's guilt and sorrow,
And gain o'er death, and o'er the tomb the victory.

Oh, tell to each guilty soul, our God has found a Hanson;
Oh, let the tidings onward roll, through the wide, wide world!
The Saviour of sinful men who stoops 'neath stable roof at Bethlehem is Christ the Lord.

Taste the Sweets.

Tunes.—Come, Comrades Dear, B. B., 9;
Come On My Partners, B. J., 190, 1;
Willoughby, B. J., 166, 1; Praise, H. J., 181, 1; Faith's Ascent, B. J., 51, 1;
He Lives, B. J., 313, 3.

2 Come, comrades dear, that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweets of Jesus's Word,
In Jesus's ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

We feel that Heaven is now begun;
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesus's throne on high.
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

And when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply.
Jesus will lead His soldiers forth,
To living streams, the richest worth,
That never will run dry.

"Amen, amen!" my soul replies,
I want to meet you in the skies,
And claim a mansion there.
Now, here's my heart and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

The Cleansing Stream.

Tune.—Now I Can Read My Title Clear,
B. J., 78.

3 To conquer sin is our delight,
Put Satan to the rear;
We battle in the Saviour's might,
And never, never, never, never,
Chorus.

The cleansing stream I see, I see,
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me,
It cleanseth now, it sate me free,
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.

We march along with flag and drum,
And singing as we go;
Oh, say, poor sinner, won't you come,
And we will pray for you.
We want poor sinners who will start
And give up all their sin;
And seek the Lord with all their heart,
Let Jesus reign within.

F. MOORE, Bermuda, W. I.

A Christmas Carol.

Tune.—Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

4 In Bethlehem's lowly manger,
A virgin mother lay;
'Twas there a baby stranger
First did see the light of day.
In that stable, low and wretched,
With the cattle voices mingled,
In the dimness and discomfort,
There the Son of God was found.

Chorus.

Oh, praise the Lord forever,
To you is born a Saviour,
Oh, sinner, seek His favor,
While His Spirit strives to-day.

The shepherds on the hillside,
As they watched their flocks by night,
Were filled with great amazement,
As they saw a radiant light.
As they heard the Heaven's music,
And the angel voices sing,
"Unto you is born a Saviour,"
"Who is Christ the Lord and King."

Behold us now, dear Saviour,
On this Thy natal day;
With humble adoration,
We kneel and pray.
Accept our heart's affection,
It is all we have to give,
Dedicated to Thy glory
In Thy service may we live.

CAPT. CUTHBERT BURNARD,
Bakersfield, Cal., U. S. A.

Tune.—On the Cross of Calvary, B. J., 40.
Jesus, Lover of my soul.

5 Nailed upon Golgotha's tree,
Faint and bleeding—who is He?
Hands and feet so rudely torn,
Wreathed with crown of twisted thorns.
Once He lived in Heaven above,
Happy in His Father's love;
Son of God, 'tis He! 'tis He!
On the Cross of Calvary.

Chorus.

On Calvary, on Calvary,
It was there my savior died,
On the Cross of Calvary.

Nailed upon Golgotha's tree,
Mocked and taunted—who is He?
Scorners tell Him to come down,
Claim His Kingdom and His Crown.
He it was Who came to bless,
Full of love and tenderness—
Son of Man, 'tis He! 'tis He!
On the Cross of Calvary.

Nailed upon Golgotha's tree
As a victim—who is He?
Bearing sin, but not His own,
Suffering agony unknown.
He, the promised Sacrifice,
For the sinner bleeds and dies;
Lamb of God, 'tis He! 'tis He!
On the Cross of Calvary.

J. H. Brandon.

AN OLD COVENANTER who ruled his household with a rod of iron is said to have prayed in all sincerity at family worship: "O Lord, have a care o' Bob for he is on the great deen; and Thou holdest it in the hollow o' Thy hand. And have a care o' Jamie, for he has gone to fight the enemies o' his country, an' the outcome o' the battle is wi' Thee. But ye needna fash yersel wi' we Willie, for I hae him horn an' I'm cawpable o' lookin' after him mysel'."

Tune.—Shout Aload Salvation, Boys.—B. J., No. 2.

6 Soldiers of the Lord arise, and hail the Saviour's birth;
Let the glorious, glad news resound through all the earth:
Sing to Him a joyful song, for of praise He's worth,
He has come to be our Saviour.

Chorus.

Rejoice! rejoice! the Saviour's come at last,
Rejoice! rejoice! sin's dreary night is past;
From heaven to earth our Saviour came, no power could hold Him fast,
Oh, what a wondrous Redeemer!

As the glorious morning dawns, to Him we'll homage pay,
All our gifts and treasures rare, we at His feet will lay;
Gloom and sadness we will drive from every heart away,
And praise Him Who came to redeem us!

God's wondrous, matchless, boundless love we ne'er shall comprehend,
He gave His only Son to die, to be the sinner's Friend;
And so on Christmas morn He came, His kingdom to extend,
That we might dwell with Him in glory!

A. E. Webber, Bandsman, Boscombe.

Tune.—There is a Better World, They Say, B. J., No. 11.

7 Come, let us all rejoice to-day,
Christ is born! Christ is born!
Cast gloom and sadness right away,
Christ is born! Christ is born!
Told hallelujahs let us sing,
For unto us is born a King,
Hasten our gifts of love to bring,
Christ is born! Christ is born!

To save from hell's eternal flame,
Christ is born! Christ is born!
And win the world to God again,
Christ is born! Christ is born!
To gladden homes of misery,
And give the captive liberty,
Purchase salvation, full and free,
Christ is born! Christ is born!

To shed abroad love's golden ray,
Christ is born! Christ is born!
And turn sin's darkness into day,
Christ is born! Christ is born!
To live, and die, and rise once more,
That we may gain, when life is o'er,
Access unto the happy shore,
Christ is born! Christ is born!

S. A. Faulkner.

Tunes.—Oh, Come, Come Away, or Mother's of Salem, B. J., No. 22.

8 Once more let us hail the glorious birth of Jesus,
Our Saviour-King, His praise now sing.
With angels above,
At Bethlehem, born here below—
For every guilty soul we know,
On earth He came to show
His wonderful love,
Constrained by that love, that love which knew no limit,
His robe and crown, aside were thrown.
For manger and cross.

Though King of Glory, Son of God,
Life's path for us the Saviour trod,
And shed His precious blood,
To ransom the lost.

Our highest and best of praises Thou art worthy,

Lord, to receive, we do believe,
Now and evermore;
Let Heaven and earth to-day rejoice,
O'er Jesus' birth, our Hope and Choice,
Praise Him with heart and voice,
Whose Name we adore!



Enter saloons and do not fear,
Jesus through you will speak;
Give them the message, plain and clear,
All may His cleansing seek.

FIFTY POINTS FROM THE TORONTO SHELTER.

Our week-night meetings are proving a mighty blessing. Last Wednesday night's meeting was an extra special one, although only four for an audience. God gave us the assurance of His presence by CONVERTING THREE OUT OF THE FOUR.

One dear fellow, who had been a Christ-warden for 15 years and a backslider for five years, definitely returned to God. Adjutant Pease and Ensigns Berry and Morris assisted last Sunday evening. They were greatly encouraged by hearing so many young converts, who had been converted in our Shelter testify to Salvation. We had a beautiful meeting. Crowds were good. Ensign Morris made it still more interesting with his banjo.

Ensign Berry sang a solo. Self-Denial week proved a blessed one. Our target was reached, with \$4.20 over. The Officers' dinner hour here is a very sociable one. We still have lots of room for more. We have had to move into a much larger dining room owing to the increase.

Christmas is upon us once more. The poor man's dinner has to be prepared. Friends wishing to take part in making something in the provision line will please let us have it at once. Our wood-yard is progressing favorably. The three teamsters have recently got converted, all doing splendidly. Glory to God!

Our little 10 o'clock knee-drills are proving a great blessing to the men. Should any Officer, Soldier or friend who might be passing at that hour, and are feeling a trifle low-spirited, pop in. I am sure they wouldn't feel down very long, especially if they hear us sing our little chorus to the tune, "The ship I love." The words are:

"We sail in the Lifeboat, a God-chosen crew,
With Jesus our Pilot to carry us through;
Our cargo are sinners to prepare for above,
At last we shall steer for the Heavenly pier
On this boat we love."
Capt. E. Fletcher.

A Merry Christmas.

People's Push.

THE WAR CRY BATTLE.

Lieut McIntyre the Winner of Grade I. Prize in the Eastern Province—The Racers' Totals

Lieut. McIntyre, Fredericton	150	Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock, Ont.	154
Sister McQueen, Moncton	117	Lieut. Oster, North Bay	151
Capt. Johnson, Hamilton, Ont.	102	Mrs. Law, Victoria	151
Fred Leach, Windsor, N.S.	94	Sergt. Crocker, Stratford	150
P. H. Bell, Hamilton, Bermuda	81	Capt. Johnston, Hamilton, Bermuda	150
Harry Ferguson, Charlottetown	75	Alma McKibbin, Victoria	145
Rupert Vohet, Halifax I.	35	Lieut. Keeney, Great Falls	111
Jessie Iones, Windsor, N.S.	35	Sergt. Law, New Glasgow	115
Maggie Graham, New Glasgow	32	Cadet McLeod, St. John V.	123
Capt. Parsons, Moncton	25	Lieut. French, Ottawa	123
Harry Ferguson, Charlottetown	25	Lieut. Buxier, Jameson	123
Capt. Clark, New Glasgow	25	Mrs. Brekline, Victoria	123
Sister Crossman, Moncton	15	Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Stratford	123
Beatrice Smith, Hamilton, Bermuda	16	Lieut. Bragg, Woodstock, Ont.	118
Sergt. Earle, New Glasgow	16	Mrs. Torcell, Vancouver	115
Sergt. Crane, New Glasgow	15	Sisters McQueen and Masterton	115
Adj. Desbriety, Hamilton, Bermuda	15	Windsor, Ont.	118
Harriet Flood, Hamilton, Bermuda	13	Lieut. Dora, Quebec	119
J. S. S.-M. Sinclair, New Glasgow	13	Knighl Wale, Miles City	119
Edith Buff, Moncton	101	Capt. Ottaway, Blenheim	109
Sergt. Curnew, New Glasgow	191	Sergt. Nugent, St. John V.	109
Mrs. Adjt. McMillan, New Glasgow	97	Mrs. Adjt. Crighton, Halifax I.	109
Alma Smith, Hamilton, Bermuda	81	Lieut. Blodgett, Stratford	109
Mary McDougal, New Glasgow	50	Lieut. Miller, St. John V.	96
Mrs. Major Jewer, Windsor, N.S.	50	Lieut. Hynes, Miles City	94
William Tate, Windsor, N.S.	50	Capt. Gammage, Huntsville	92
Secretary Simpson, New Glasgow	21	Capt. Hinde, Springfield	92
		Lieut. Ritchie, St. John V.	78
		Mrs. Adjt. Mett Bery, New Glasgow	78
		Capt. Barker, Stratford	76
		Jessie Iones, Windsor, N.S.	76
		Mrs. Adjt. Phillips, Vancouver	71
		Capt. Curry, St. John V.	70
		Sergt. Wiley, St. John V.	70

War Cry Booming at the Toronto Bowery.

Liberal Saloon Keepers Be Cried A Goose for Dinner.

We were out booming the splendid Self-Denial War Cry, of course we generally meet with some funny folks, and have a pretty comical time, and this was no exception to the rule. The men in the saloons are always very good to buy our papers, and are also very respectful to our way of thinking. One saloon-keeper gives us 25 cents every week for his War Cry, and of course we always sell a good number of "Crys" in his saloon. The Self-Denial "Cry" went fine. One man, after buying a War Cry, gave me ten cents for the "cry of the cause," he said. Entering another saloon, Sister Johnston displayed all her papers, and one man said to me, "Here, Captain, I will give you a cigarette for two War Crys." "That's so," I said, as I exchanged my "Crys" for the one cigarette.

"How many have you left, Captain?" said another man, after we had been around the saloon, and sold quite a few. "Only eight," I replied. "Well, that's sixteen cents, Captain. Here's a paper all round." This I did, to all who would take them, and still had three or four left. Up comes

Another Man, with Tears in His Eyes.

who asked me to pray for him. "Here, Captain," he said, "is another quarter for you; that will pay for the rest." I thanked him very much, invited him to our meetings, and gave him a paper all round. This I did, to all who would take them, and still had three or four left. Up comes

Many of the saloon-keepers, bartenders, and the men who frequent the hotels, recommend the "Cry" very highly. Some of them would not miss it for a good bit. They also tell us how pleased they are to have us come in to sell our papers, and to do all that lies in their power to help us.

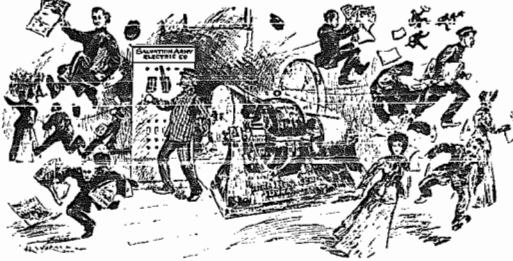
We feel highly honored to have the glorious privilege of bringing the little messenger of salvation to the drink-addicted souls.

God bless the dear old War Cry, and every one who booms it.

M. McCANN,
Captain, "Bowery."

Two Weeks' War Cry Sales.

Fred Leach, Windsor, N.S.	421
Mrs. Medlock, Richmond Street	345
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John V.	339
Capt. McIntyre, Halifax I.	292
Capt. Meallan, London	275
Alfred Henderson, Ottawa	251
Capt. Ziebarth	235
Sergt. Barker, London	249
Lt. Bell, Hamilton, Bermuda	239
Lieut. Chippell, Milbrook	198
Lieut. Victoria	189
Mrs. Adjt. Cass, London	180



New Yorkers Getting a Hustle on their War Cry Boom.

Sister Mortimer, Victoria	47	Capt. Hoess, Quebec	20
Capt. Welch, Windsor, N.S.	45	Mrs. Head	20
Fannie Melling, Halifax I.	45	Maud Rumble	20
Mrs. Datta, London	45	Flo. Massie	20
Mrs. Capt. Fisher, Goderich	45	Mammy Broadwell, Kingsville	20
Sister McDougall, Goderich	45	Rachel Clensmith, Blenheim	20
Jimmie Sample, Stratford	45	Sergt. Frederick, Campbellford	20
Adjt. McMillan, New Glasgow	45	Edith Montgomery, Winnipeg	20
Capt. Gammage, Huntsville	45	Mrs. McInnis, Vancouver	19
		Mrs. Capt. Clark, Dayton	18
		Sister Coombes, Annapolis	18
		Sergt. Law, New Glasgow	18
		Sergt. McDougall, New Glasgow	18
		Agnes McInnis, Stratford	17
		Sister Yerman, Bay Robt.	16
		Stanley Rumble, Blenheim	16
		Cadet Keeler, Stratford	16
		M. Lindsay, Stratford	16
		Robert Nease, St. John V.	15
		Mrs. Thompson, Nanjance	15
		Mrs. Strong, London	15
		Mrs. Pearson, Hamilton I.	14
		Lizzie Glenin, New Glasgow	13
		Henry Frederick, Campbellford	13
		Candidate Chard, Bay Roberts	12
		Mrs. Matthews, Vancouver	12
		Mrs. Burton, Stratford	12
		Mrs. McInnis, Vancouver	12
		Arthur Armstrong, Windsor, N.S.	11
		Ira Gains, Vancouver	11
		Ira Groszow, London	11
		Sergt. James, London	10
		Mrs. Smith, London	10
		Sergt. McDougall, New Glasgow	10
		Handman Gear, Stratford	10
		J. Lindsay, Stratford	10
		Mrs. Mitchell, Stratford	10
		Mrs. McInnis, Windsor, Ont.	10
		Nora Fisher	10
		Patricia Murray, St. John V.	10
		Mrs. Williams, Orillia	10
		Mary Kunkle, Goderich	10
		Mrs. Whipple, Vancouver	10
		Mrs. Little, Victoria	10
		Pearl Stanley, St. John V.	10

A Song from the Cry Did It.

Port Hope.

While War Cry-selling on Saturday, Mrs. Ensign McIlroy and Sister Annie Vance entered a hotel, where several men were standing. Upon asking if they would buy a Cry, they all agreed if Sister Vance sang a song they would each take a Cry. So when Sister Vance finished singing the song from the War Cry, they all (thirteen in number) bought a Cry. Not so bad. God bless Sister Vance. She'll make a real War Cry boomer soon.

ANNIE BROWN, S. C.

Capt. Clark, New Glasgow	42	Capt. Bryan, Brockville	42
Lieut. Dora, Amherst	42	Lieut. Pallin, Hamilton I.	40
Lieut. Dora, Amherst	42	Lieut. Dora, Amherst	40
Capt. Collins, St. John V.	40	Mrs. Yake, Ottawa	39
Cadet Meyer, Winnipeg	39	Capt. Clark, New Glasgow	37
Capt. Fisher, Goderich	37	Sister Ford, Parry Sound	37
Sister Ford, Parry Sound	37	Annie Thompson, Sarnia	35
Annie Thompson, Sarnia	35	Lieut. Selch, Lunenburg	35
Lieut. Selch, Lunenburg	35	Capt. McCann, Bowery	34
Capt. McCann, Bowery	34	Mrs. Carter, Vancouver	33
Mrs. Carter, Vancouver	33	M. Winchester, Lunenburg	33
M. Winchester, Lunenburg	33	Lieut. Willar, Westville	31
Lieut. Willar, Westville	31	Sergt. Lee, Halifax I.	31
Sergt. Lee, Halifax I.	31	Sergt. Norfolk, London	30
Sergt. Norfolk, London	30	J. S. S.-M. Sinclair, New Glasgow	31
J. S. S.-M. Sinclair, New Glasgow	31	Mrs. Patterson, Westville	30
Mrs. Patterson, Westville	30	Sergt. Curnew, New Glasgow	30
Sergt. Curnew, New Glasgow	30	Capt. Primrose, Campbellford	28
Capt. Primrose, Campbellford	28	Sergt. Major Lauchlin, Westville	28
Sergt. Major Lauchlin, Westville	28	Capt. Sore, Sarnia	25
Capt. Sore, Sarnia	25	Sergt. Earle, New Glasgow	25
Sergt. Earle, New Glasgow	25	Capt. Welch, Windsor, N.S.	25
Capt. Welch, Windsor, N.S.	25	Father Curry, Hamilton I.	25
Father Curry, Hamilton I.	25	Sister Flood, Amherst	25
Sister Flood, Amherst	25	Sergt. Crane, New Glasgow	25
Sergt. Crane, New Glasgow	25	Mrs. Fox, Windsor, N.S.	25
Mrs. Fox, Windsor, N.S.	25	Capt. Root, Pembroke	25
Capt. Root, Pembroke	25	James Moore, Halifax I.	25
James Moore, Halifax I.	25	Prod Hunt, Ottawa	21
Prod Hunt, Ottawa	21	Lieut. Reid, Westville	21
Lieut. Reid, Westville	21	Amie McInnis, Ottawa	21
Amie McInnis, Ottawa	21	Mrs. McCutcheon, Windsor, Ont.	21
Mrs. McCutcheon, Windsor, Ont.	21	Capt. Lumont, Westville	22
Capt. Lumont, Westville	22	Will Hewitt, Sarnia	20
Will Hewitt, Sarnia	20	Sergt. Arnold, Halifax I.	20
Sergt. Arnold, Halifax I.	20	Lilly Murray, Halifax I.	20
Lilly Murray, Halifax I.	20	Janet Roy, Windsor, N.S.	20
Janet Roy, Windsor, N.S.	20	Sergt. McDougall, New Glasgow	20
Sergt. McDougall, New Glasgow	20	Maggie McLennan, New Glasgow	20
Maggie McLennan, New Glasgow	20	Capt. Lewis, Orillia	20
Capt. Lewis, Orillia	20	Mrs. Beckworth, St. John V.	20

BOOMLETS.

HURRAH!

A 56-page on February 4th.

The price remains the same.

Of course all our Boomers shout

"Glory!"

But how did you like the Christmas

War Cry?

Many Soldiers who have never sold the

War Cry will do so now.

Everybody is waking up to see the important

part the War Cry takes in the Salvation

War Cry.

Captain Westcott, of Valley City, N. D.,

writing us December 6th, said he had

already sold a number of them from far

and near.

Adjutant Lamb, of Chicago, says: "Oh,

the blessed opportunity of spreading the

news of Salvation through the War Cry!

I realize more and more what the Army

can accomplish, and already do accom-

plish in this way."

Here! Here! Adjutant, you hit the

mark on the head time. Read Captain

McInnis's report on booming the Cry in

the Toronto Bowery as a sample of what

good can be done.

What a Major Says.

I have just received the Self-Denial

Cry. It is a real beauty and the matter

is very good. Allow me to commend

you on the same. May God bless you and

your Staff!

ALEX. McMILLAN,

Provincial Officer,

Newfoundland.

STRUGGLED FOR FOUR HOURS.

Our meetings are good in Chelsey.

Self-Denial week we had times of blessing

and power. Six o'clock knee-ditch

blamed time; Holiness meeting better

still. Thanksgiving Day had a march

took up a collection outside. One of a man

put his on the drum-head, and it was

a comical sight to see him with the drum-

stick beating at the money. Captain

came out to the rescue and put it in her

inside meeting, four out for power and

the blessing of a clean heart. We had

a hullabaloo wind-up. Holiness meeting

Friday night was grand. One sister, who

had been bound down by the devil, self,

for years, came out and claimed the

blessing of a clean heart, after strugg-

ling for four hours. God set her free

for service. Hallelujah S-C. Murchison.



WANTED:—People to pay for War Crys to be distributed in Hospitals by the League of Mercy.

Let all your life be in God. Let others serve men; do you serve God and live in Him. If you say you cannot do this get on your knees and tell God you cannot do anything else but live in Him, and if He does not answer you wait before Him, and He will surprise you with the fullness of His blessing. Read His Word and believe it. God means all He has said.

